

Sleeping Beside White River
for Frosty Davis

The moon is fishing for compliments
along the sand bar, and I'm holding
a banquet for our separateness,
a white table runner unfolding
forever out and away.
The river and its mineral echoes.
Gravel roads like an idea for the map
of a drunk's broken hand.
The ferns in their gowns of dust
and the glaciers off to the west
telling their usual lies about beauty.
Rat in the ditch of my heart gnawing
at a plastic bag, your crown
of long vowels tilted to one side, gleaming,
funereal, certain, and with music.

~Michael McGriff